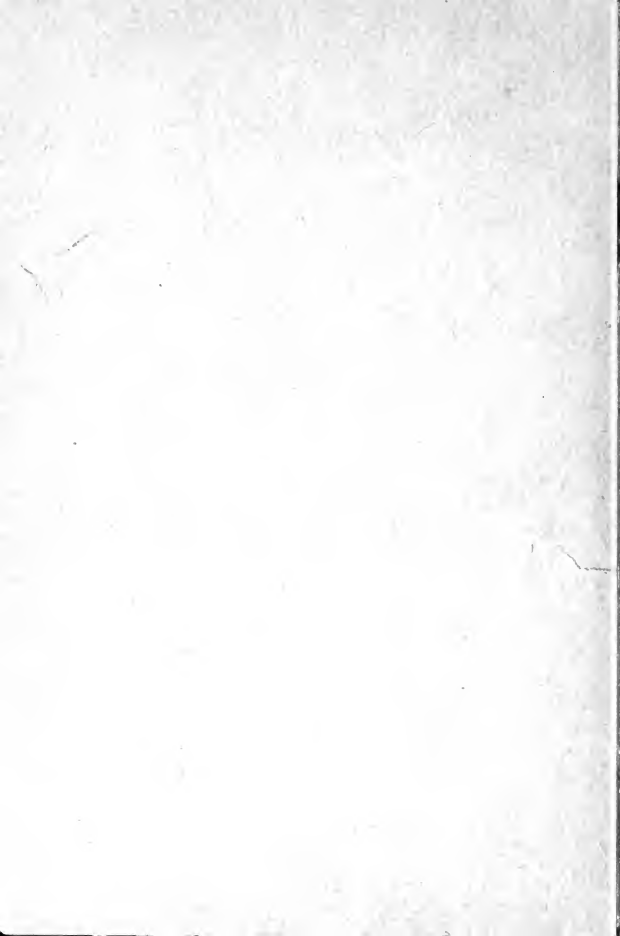


LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 738
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Poor Richard's Almanac

Benjamin Franklin

Edited by Lloyd E. Smith



LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 738
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Poor Richard's Almanac

Benjamin Franklin

Edited by Lloyd E. Smith

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
GIRARD, KANSAS

Copyright, 1925,
Haldeman-Julius Company.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

(Wording of the Title Page for the First Issue)

Poor Richard 1733

An
A L M A N A C K
For the Year of Christ
1 7 3 3 ,

Being the First After LEAP YEAR.
And makes since the Creation

	Years
By the Account of the Eastern <i>Greeks</i>	7241
By the Latin Church	6932
By the Computation of W. W.	5742
By the <i>Roman</i> Chronology	5682
By the <i>Jewish</i> Rabbies	5494

Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & Mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts and observable Days. Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours West from *London*, but may without sensible Error, serve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South Carolina*.

By RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.¹

PHILADELPHIA

Printed and sold by B. FRANKLIN, at the New
Printing Office near the Market.

¹Philomath: a scholar.

(Wording of Title Page of "Poor Richard Improved")

Note, This A L M A N A C K us'd to contain but 24 Pages, and now has 36; yet the Price is very little advanc'd.

Poor R I C H A R D improved:

Being An
A L M A N A C K
and
*EPHEMERIS*²
of the
Motions of the SUN and MOON;
the True
Places and Aspects of the Planets;
the
Rising and Setting of the Sun;
and the
Rising, Setting *and* Southing of the Moon,
for the
Bissextile³ Y E A R, 1748.

Containing also,

The Lunations, Conjunctions, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Rising and Setting of the Planets, Length of Days and Nights, Fairs, Courts, Roads, &c. Together with useful Tables, chronological Observations, and entertaining Remarks.

²An astronomical almanac; table of the planet's positions.

³Leap-year.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of near Five Hours West from *London*; but may, without sensible Error, serve all the Northern Colonies.

By RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA :
Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

THE BIRTH AND LIFE OF POOR RICHARD AND HIS ALMANAC

Benjamin Franklin, famed perpetrator of hoaxes, concealed his authorship of the world-renowned Poor Richard's Almanac under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders. The life of the author is therefore the life of Franklin, which he has told himself in his literary masterpiece, the *Autobiography*, or which is very ably set forth in the *Life of Franklin*, by John W. Gunn (Little Blue Book No. 523).

The Almanac, which has degenerated today into an advertising booklet for soap or for patent medicines, played a vastly more important part in the lives of the colonial inhabitants of America. Often the yearly issue was the only reading matter in a family circle save the Bible. Yet it contained little of a literary interest, comparatively speaking: each page was devoted to a month of the year, with very precise and confident predictions as to the weather and the attendant circumstances of the planets. Though the compiler, or philomath, was probably as often wrong as right, his readers gave him their utmost confidence, and tended to regard him with some awe as a being communing with supernatural powers—for how else could he foretell coming events? When the legitimate matter of the Almanac

failed to fill out the pages, various poems, anecdotes, sayings, historical facts, and verbal flotsam and jetsam such as is used to fill out the columns of newspapers, were inserted—sometimes original, sometimes quoted, sometimes quite baldly stolen.

Being purchased and read so widely, the Almanac comprised the chief venture of the early American publisher: it was the one sure work, if compiled by a reputable philomath, of a year. And thus matters stood, with the Almanac the favorite of literary forms, when B. Franklin and H. Meredith set up their printing office in 1728, in Philadelphia, "near the Market." Naturally, they could not do without an Almanac, and for three years they published one prepared by a certain Thomas Godfrey, and the work was reasonably profitable. But young Ben became involved, through the machinations of Mrs. Godfrey, in an affair with a young relative, which was broken off when Franklin demanded a specified dowry, and the Godfreys departed, Thomas giving his Almanac to a rival printer.

B. Franklin, with Yankee resourcefulness and youthful courage, set about compiling his own Almanac—but, knowing that his own name would carry no weight, he ascribed the authorship to one Richard Saunders, a name borrowed from an early English philomath. The title of the Almanac itself, *Poor Richard*, was likewise borrowed from the English *Poor Robin*, or very likely so, and with this start on the road to prosperity, the enterprise was undertaken.

Franklin did not stop with this venture, but introduced the decided innovation of advertising it in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* at some length. This was the chief cause of the Almanac's phenomenal sale: once it was read and known, its superior qualities enabled it to sell itself. A second edition was necessary within two weeks after first publication, and a third edition but a week after that. The next year, 1733⁴, Franklin repeated his advertising, with a longer notice, and adopted the ruse of ridiculing his rival philomaths in passages of satire, irony, and humor, in one of which Poor Richard had the audacity to predict the early death of one such rival⁵. His rivals, furiously incensed, retorted with hard and angry words in their own Almanacs, giving Poor Richard just the advertising Franklin desired, for whosoever read of Poor Richard forthwith desired and obtained a copy, and Franklin's achievements were such that "once a reader, always a reader" held true with astonishing regularity. And yet not so astonishing, for the Almanac has spread its fame through all the civilized countries of the globe.

Probably the chief cause of Poor Richard's fame were (and are) the various Proverbs interspersed through the available spaces in the Almanac: homely aphorisms, not always original, but nearly always altered or in some way touched and tinted by the original caprice of Franklin's rugged wit. Yet, too, judged by

⁴Almanacs were printed several months in advance—this was for the issue of 1734.

⁵Titan Leeds.

present-day standards, this Almanac was poorly printed, contained much that was ordinary and dull, together with poems and anecdotes that bore the rough coarseness of eighteenth century literature and would be in exceedingly bad taste in the twentieth century. But the grain, if mingled with chaff, was nevertheless in sufficient abundance to make the sifting of the mass worthwhile, and in 1758 Franklin himself performed such a sifting, summarizing the best of the proverbs in the issue of that year.

In 1748, due to the death of Jacob Taylor, Franklin's leading rival, Poor Richard became Poor Richard Improved⁶, with an increase from twenty-four to thirty-six pages, the better to gain and keep the new patrons Taylor so involuntarily relinquished to Franklin. The new form proved immensely popular. Indeed, during the last fourteen years of Poor Richard's existence, the sales reached the grand and awesome total of 141,257 copies, representing a sum, paid in purchase prices, in excess of two thousand pounds in colonial currency!

For twenty-five merry years Poor Richard lived and thrived, and, in 1758, as has been mentioned, a grand summary was published in the form of a preface to the issue of that year. It contains most of the knowledge which the world possesses concerning Poor Richard, and it is alone responsible for the world-wide familiarity with the name and matter of Franklin's almanac. For very few of the earlier issues have survived: an Almanac was literally

⁶See second Title Page.

read to pieces; and, with the coming of the new year's edition, the tatterdemalion booklet that was the "old" issue was very properly thrown away.

This preface of 1758 has appeared in countless guises, under such titles as *Father Abraham's Speech* and *The Way to Wealth*. "Seventy editions of it have been printed in English, fifty-six in French, eleven in German, and nine in Italian. It has been translated into Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Welsh, Polish, Gaelic, Russian, Bohemian, Dutch, Catalan, Chinese, Modern Greek, and Phonetic writing. It has been printed at least four hundred times, and is today as popular as ever." The foregoing statement was written by Paul Leicester Ford in 1889—the increase in his figures since that date, with thirty-five years to propagate, is probably not as large as might be expected, but it is no doubt an imposing tribute to the still wide popularity of Poor Richard.

John T. More, Jr., has described the contemporary significance of Poor Richard in colonial America, contemporary, that is, with its author: "Poor Richard was the revered and popular schoolmaster of a young nation during its period of tutelage. His teachings are among the powerful forces which have gone to shaping the habits of Americans. His terse and picturesque bits of the wisdom and the virtue of this world are familiar in our mouths today; they molded our great-grandparents and their children; they have informed our popular traditions; they still influence our actions, guide our ways of thinking, and estab-

lish our points of view, with the constant control of acquired habits which we little suspect."

The present edition begins with the preface of 1758 complete, followed by various excerpts from the earlier issues. For the sake of ease in reading, the spelling and punctuation, where necessary, have been modernized. This sacrifices the atmosphere of antiquity in some measure, but it is hoped that the spirit of Franklin is kept in his often quaint phraseology, and in his use of capitals, which has been preserved intact (in the preface of 1758).

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

PREFACE TO THE ISSUE OF THE YEAR 1758

Extract from Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*: "In 1732 I first published⁷ my Almanac, under the name of *Richard Saunders*; it was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and, it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

"These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to

⁷For the year 1733.

the Almanac of 1757,⁸ as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication."



Courteous Reader.

I have heard that nothing gives an Author so great Pleasure as to find his Works respectfully quoted by other learned Authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an *eminent* Author of *Almanacs* annually, now a full quarter of a century, my Brother Authors in the same Way, for what Reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their Applauses; and no other Author has taken the least notice of me: so that did not my Writings produce me some solid *Pudding*, the great Deficiency of *Praise* would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the People were the best Judges of my Merit, for they buy

⁸Dated 1758.

my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with "*as Poor Richard says!*" at the end of it. This gave me some Satisfaction, as it showed not only that my Instructions were regarded, but disclosed likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an Incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my Horse lately where a great Number of people were collected at a Sale of Merchant Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times, and one of the Company called to a plain clean old Man, with white Locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we *be ever* able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it to you in short, for a *Word to the Wise is enough, and many Words won't fill a Bushel, as Poor Richard says.*" They joined in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends and Neighbors, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only Ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our

Idleness, three times as much by our *Pride*, and four times as much by our *Folly*, and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an Abatement. However, let us hearken to good Advice, and something may be done for us. *God helps them that help themselves*, as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanac of 1733.

“It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one-tenth Part of their *Time*, to be employed in its Service. But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute *Sloth*, or doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. *Sloth*, by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. *Sloth*, like *Rust*, consumes faster than *Labor* wears, while the used *Key* is always bright, as *Poor Richard* says. But dost thou love *Life*? Then do not, squander *Time*, for that is the *Stuff* *Life* is made of, as *Poor Richard* says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in *Sleep*! forgetting that *the Sleeping Fox catches no Poultry*; and that *there will be sleeping enough in the Grave*, as *Poor Richard* says. If *Time* be of all Things the most precious, *wasting of Time must be*, as *Poor Richard* says, *the greatest Prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost Time is never found again*; and what we call *Time enough!* always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the Purpose: so, by Diligence, shall we do more with less Perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all things easu.*

as *Poor Richard* says; and *He that riseth late, must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at night.* While *Laziness* travels so slowly that *Poverty* soon overtakes him, as we read in *Poor Richard*; who adds, *Drive thy Business! Let not it drive thee!* and

*Early to Bed, and early to rise,
Makes a Man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*

“So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better times. We may make these Times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry* need not wish, as *Poor Richard* says, and *he that lives upon Hope will die fasting.* There are no *Grains* without *Pains*; then *Help Hands, for I have no Lands,* or if I have they are smartly taxed. And as *Poor Richard* likewise observes, *He that hath a Trade hath an Estate, and He that hath a Calling hath an Office of Profit and Honor;* but then the *Trade* must be worked at, and the *Calling* well followed, or neither the *Estate,* nor the *Office,* will enable us to pay our Taxes.

“If we are industrious we shall never starve; for as *Poor Richard* says, *At the working Man's House Hunger looks in, but dares not enter.* Nor will the *Bailiff* or the *Constable* enter, for *Industry* pays *Debts* while *Despair* increaseth them, says *Poor Richard.*

“What though you have found no *Treasure,* nor has any rich *Relative* left you a *Legacy,* *Diligence* is the *Mother of Good Luck,* as *Poor Richard* says, and *God* gives all things to *Industry.* Then

*Plow deep, while Sluggards sleep,
And you shall have Corn to sell and to keep,*

says *Poor Dick*. Work while it is called Today, for you know not how much you may be hindered Tomorrow; which makes *Poor Richard* say, *One Today is worth two Tomorrows*; and farther, *Have you something to do Tomorrow, do it Today*. If you were a Servant, would you not be ashamed that a good Master should catch you idle? Are you then your own Master? *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle*, as *Poor Dick* says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your Family, your Country, and your gracious King, be up by Peep of Day. *Let not the Sun look down and say, Inglorious here he lies*. Handle your Tools without Mittens; remember that *the Cat in Gloves catches no Mice*, as *Poor Richard* says.

“’Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great Effects, for *constant Dropping wears away Stones*, and *by Diligence and Patience, the Mouse ate in two the Cable*; and *little Strokes fell great Oaks*, as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanac, the Year I cannot just now remember.

“Methinks I hear some of you say, ‘Must a Man afford himself no Leisure?’

“I will tell thee, My Friend, what *Poor Richard* says: *Employ thy Time well if thou meanest to gain Leisure*; and, *since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour*. Leisure is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as *Poor Richard* says, *Trouble springs from Idleness, and grievous*

Toil from needless Ease. Many without Labor would live by their Wits only, but they break for want of stock. Whereas, Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty, and Respect. Fly Pleasures and they'll follow you. The diligent Spinner has a large Shift;⁹ and now I have a Sheep and a Cow, everybody bids me Good morrow—all which is well said by Poor Richard.

“But with our Industry, we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own Affairs with our own Eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

I never saw an oft removed Tree,

Nor yet an oft removed Family,

That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, *Three Removes¹⁰ is as bad as a Fire*; and again, *Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee*; and again, *If you would have your Business done, go; if not, send.* And again,

He that by the Plow must thrive,

Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, *The Eye of a Master will do more Work than both his Hands*; and again, *Want of Care does us more Damage than Want of Knowledge*; and again, *Not to oversee Workmen, is to leave them your Purse open.* Trusting too much to others' Care is the Ruin of many; for, as the Almanac says, *In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it*; but a Man's own Care is profitable, for, saith Poor Dick, *Learning is to*

⁹A garment.

¹⁰Removals: change of location

the Studious, and Riches to the Careful, as well as Power to the Bold, and Heaven to the Virtuous. And, farther, If you would have a faithful Servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. And again, he adviseth Circumspection and Care, even in the smallest Matters, because sometimes a little Neglect may breed great Mischief, adding,

For want of a Nail, the Shoe was lost;

For want of a Shoe, the Horse was lost;

And for want of a Horse, the Rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the Enemy, all for want of care about a Horse-shoe Nail.

“So much for Industry, my Friends, and Attention to one’s own Business. But to these we must add *Frugality*, if we would make our *Industry* more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *Keep his Nose all his Life to the Grindstone*, and die not worth a *Groat*¹¹ at last. *A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will*, as *Poor Richard* says; and

*Many Estates are spent in the Getting,
Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning and
Knitting,
And Men for Punch forsook Hewing and Splitting.*

If you would be wealthy, says he, in another Almanac, *think of Saving as well as of Getting: The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her Outgoes are greater than her Incomes. Away then with your expensive Follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard*

¹¹An old English silver coin: fourpence.

Times, heavy Taxes, and chargeable Families; for, as *Poor Dick* says,

*Women and Wine, Game and Deceit,
Make the Wealth small and the Wants great.*

And farther, *What maintains one Vice would bring up two Children.* You may think perhaps that a *little* Tea or a *little* Punch now and then, Diet a *little* more costly, Clothes a *little* finer, and a *little* Entertainment now and then, can be no *great* Matter; but remember what *Poor Richard* says: *Many a Little makes a Mickle;*¹² and farther, *Beware of little Expenses; a small Leak will sink a great Ship;* and again, *Who Dainties love shall Beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make Feasts and wise Men eat them.*

“Here you are all got together at this Sale of *Fineries* and *Knicknacks*. You call them *Goods*, but if you do not take Care, they will prove *Evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold *cheap*, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no Occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you. Remember what *Poor Richard* says: *Buy what thou hast no Need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy Necessaries.* And again, *At a great Pennyworth pause a while.* He means that perhaps the Cheapness is *Apparent* only, and not *real*; or that the Bargain, by straitening¹³ thee in thy Business, may do thee more Harm than Good. For in another Place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good Pennyworths.*

¹²Scotch for abundance.

¹³Pinching—distressing.

Again *Poor Richard* says, *'Tis foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance*; and yet this Folly is practised every Day at Sales, for want of minding the Almanac. *Wise Men*, as *Poor Richard* says, *learn by others' Harms, Fools scarcely by their own*; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum*.¹⁴ Many a one, for the Sake of Finery on the Back, has gone with a hungry Belly, and half starved his Family—*Silks and Satins, Scarlet and Velvets*, as *Poor Richard* says, *put out the Kitchen Fire*. These are not the *Necessaries of Life*; they can scarcely be called the *Conveniencies*; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many *want to have them*. The *artificial Wants* of Mankind thus become more numerous than the *natural*; and, as *Poor Dick* says, *For one poor Person there are an hundred indigent*. By these, and other Extravagances, the Genteel are reduced to Poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through *Industry and Frugality*, have maintained their Standing. In which case, it appears plainly that a *Plowman on his Legs is higher than a Gentleman on his Knees*, as *Poor Richard* says. Perhaps they have had a small Estate left them, which they knew not the Getting of,—they think *'tis Day and will never be Night*; that a little to spend out of so much is not worth minding; (*a Child and a Fool*, as *Poor Richard* says, *imagine Twenty Shillings and Twenty Years can never be spent*) but, *always taking out of the Meat-tub, and never putting in, soon*

¹⁴"Happy is he that takes caution from others" (whom others' dangers make cautious).

comes to the Bottom. Then, as *Poor Dick* says, *When the Well's dry, they know the Worth of Water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his Advice: *If you would know the Value of Money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing;* and, indeed, so does he that lends to such People, when he goes to get it in again.

"Poor Dick further advises, and says,

*Fond Pride of Dress is sure a very Curse;
Ere Fancy you consult, consult your Purse.*

and again, *Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine Thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a Piece; but *Poor Dick* says, *'Tis easier to suppress the first Desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And 'tis as truly Folly for the Poor to ape the Rich, as for the Frog to swell, in order to equal the Ox.

*Great Estates may venture more,
But little Boats should keep near Shore.*

'Tis, however, a Folly soon punished, for *Pride that dines on Vanity sups on Contempt,* as *Poor Richard* says. And in another Place, *Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And, after all, of what Use is this *Pride of Appearance,* for which so much is risked, so much is suffered! It cannot promote Health, or ease Pain; it makes no increase of Merit in the Person, creates Envy, and hastens Misfortune.

*What is a Butterfly? At best
He's but a Caterpillar dressed.
The gaudy Fop's his Picture just,*

as *Poor Richard* says.

“But what Madness must it be to run in Debt for these Superfluities! We are offered by the Terms of this Sale Six Months of Credit, and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready Money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do when you run in Debt: *You give to another Power over your Liberty.* If you cannot pay at the Time, you will be ashamed to see your Creditor; you will be in Fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking Excuses, and by Degrees come to lose your Veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *The second Vice is Lying, the first is running in Debt.* And again, to the same Purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back.* Whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any Man living, Poverty often deprives a Man of all Spirit and Virtue. *'Tis hard for an empty Bag to stand upright,* as *Poor Richard* truly says.

“What would you think of that Prince, or that Government, who should issue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman, or a Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprisonment or Servitude! Would you not say, that you are free, have a Right to dress as you please, and that such an Edict would be a Breach of your Privileges, and such a Government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that

Tyranny when you run in Debt for such Dress! Your Creditor has Authority at his Pleasure to deprive you of your Liberty, by confining you in Jail for Life, or to sell you for a Servant, if you should not be able to pay him! When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of Payment! But *Creditors, Poor Richard* tells us, *have better Memories than Debtors*; and in another Place he says, *Creditors are a superstitious Sect, great Observers of set Days and Times*. The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or, if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as Shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, saith Poor Richard, who owe Money to be paid at Easter*. Then, since he says, *The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor*, disdain the Chain, preserve your Freedom, and maintain your Independence. Be *industrious and free*; be *frugal and free*. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving Circumstances, and that you can bear a little Extravagance without Injury, but,

*For Age and Want save while you may;
No Morning Sun lasts a whole Day,*

as *Poor Richard* says.

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, Experience is constant and certain; and 'tis easier to build two Chimneys than to keep one in Fuel, as *Poor Richard* says.

So rather go to Bed supperless than rise in Debt.

*Get what you can, and what you get, hold:
'Tis the stone that will turn all your Lead into Gold,*

as *Poor Richard* says. And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, surely you will no longer complain of the bad Times, or the Difficulty of paying Taxes.

"This Doctrine, my Friends, is Reason and Wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much on your own Industry, and Frugality, and Prudence, though excellent Things, for they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that Blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude: *Experience keeps a dear School, but Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for 'tis true, we may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct, as Poor Richard* says. However, remember this: *They that won't be counseled, can't be helped, as Poor Richard* says; and farther, *If you will not hear Reason, she'll surely wrap your Knuckles.*"

Thus the old Gentleman ended his Harangue. The People heard it, and approved the Doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common Sermon. For the Sale opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his Cautions, and their own Fear of Taxes.

I found the good Man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those Topics during the Course of Five-and-Twenty Years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired anyone else, but my Vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth Part of this Wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the Gleanings I had made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy Stuff for a new Coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy Profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, Thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7. 1757.

SELECTED EXCERPTS FROM EARLIER
ALMANACS OF POOR RICHARD

Visits should be short, like a winter's day,
Lest you're too troublesome, hasten away.



Kings and bears often worry their keepers.



Light purse, heavy heart.



He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.



Great talkers, little doers.



Where bread is wanting, all's to be so'd.



If you ride a horse, sit close and tight;
If you ride a man, sit easy and light.



Beauty and folly are old companions.



Where there's a marriage without love, there
will be love without marriage.



He that cannot obey, cannot command.



An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow.



He does not possess wealth: it possesses him.



Approve not of him who commends all you
say.

Two dry sticks will burn a green one.



Haste makes waste.



Paintings and fightings are best seen at a distance.



Great spenders are bad lenders.



Epitaph on a Scolding Wife by her Husband:
Here my poor Bridget's corpse doth lie:
She is at rest,—and so am I.



Many a long dispute among Divines may be thus abridged: "It is so!" "It is not so!" "It is so!" "It is not so!"



Tugend bestehet wen alles vergehet (Virtue remains when all else is lost).



Ill company is like a dog who dirties those most that he loves best.



When man and woman die, as poets sung,
His heart's the last part moves,—her last,
the tongue.



Time is an herb that cures all diseases.



Read much, but not too many books.



The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

Love and Lordship hate companions.



The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.



Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at others' expense.



The rotten apple spoils its companion.



Do not do that which you would not have known.



It is better to take many injuries than to give one.



Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.



A little house well filled,
A little field well tilled,
And a little wife well willed,
Are great riches.



If you would have guests merry with cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.



He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.



Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Hope of gain lessens pain.



The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but
the mouth of the wise man is in his heart.



Men and melons are hard to know.



He that lieth down with dogs shall rise up
with fleas.



The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman,
gold; the proof of man, a woman.



Eat to live, and not live to eat.



Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and
a fire) to put her in.



My love and I for kisses played,

She would keep stakes, I was content,

But when I won, she would be paid,

This made me ask her what she meant:

Quoth she, "Since you are in this wrang-
ling vein,

Here, take your kisses—give me mine
again."



Nothing dries sooner than a tear.



Anger warms the Invention, but overheats
the Oven.



He that would catch Fish must venture his
Bait.

Men take more pains to mask than to mend.



Work as if you were to live one hundred years; pray as if you were to die tomorrow.



The royal crown cures not the headache.



The tongue offends, and the ears get the cuffing.



Many dishes, many diseases; many medicines, few cures.



Take this remark from Richard, poor and lame, Whate'er's begun in anger, ends in shame.



Don't think to hunt two hares with one dog.



Who pleasures gives, shall joy receive.



Teach your child to hold his tongue—he'll learn fast enough to speak.



Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can.



The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat.



Necessity never made a good bargain.



Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower in changing.

Pain wastes the body, pleasures the understanding.



Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things.



A lie stands on one leg, truth on two.



An old young man will be a young old man.



Fish and visitors smell in three days.



Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.



'Tis easy to see, hard to foresee.



In a discreet man's mouth, a public thing is private.



He that takes a wife takes care.



Why does the blind man's wife paint herself?



None preaches better than the ant, and it says nothing.



He that speaks much is much mistaken.



Forewarned, forearmed.

Let him who scatters thorns not go barefoot.



He that would live in peace and at ease,
Must not speak all he knows, nor judge all
he sees.



He that can compose himself is wiser than he
that composes books.



After crosses and losses, men grow humbler
and wiser.



There are no ugly loves, nor handsome
prisons.



Don't misinform your doctor nor your lawyer.



"Tomorrow I'll reform," the fool does say;
Today itself's too late: the *wise* did yesterday.



He that pursues two hares at once does not
catch one and lets the other go.



To whom thy secret thou dost tell,
To him thy freedom dost thou sell.



Tell a miser he's rich and a woman she's old,
and you'll get no money of one, nor kindness
of the other.



Women are books, and men the readers be,
Who sometimes in those books erratas see;
Yet oft the reader's raptured with each line,

Fair print and paper, fraught with sense divine;
 Though some, neglectful, seldom care to read,
 And faithful wives no more than Bibles heed.
 "Are women books?" says Hodge, "Then would
 mine were
 An Almanac, to change her every year."



The noblest question in the world is, "What
 good may I do in it?"



There are three faithful friends: an old
 wife, an old dog, and ready money.



Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?



If you would not be forgotten, as soon as
 you are dead and rotten, either write things
 worth the reading, or do things worth the
 writing.



Let thy vices die before thee.



Keep your eyes wide open before marriage—
 half shut afterwards.



If you do what you should not,
 You must hear what you would not.



Reading makes a full man—meditation a
 profound man—discourse a clear man.

These lines may be read either backward or forward:

Joy, Mirth, Triumph, I do defie:
 Destroy me, death, fain would I die;
 Forlorn am I, love is exiled,
 Scorn smiles thereat, hope is beguiled;
 Men banished bliss, in woe must dwell,
 Then joy, mirth, triumph, all farewell.



None but the well-bred man knows how to confess a fault, or acknowledge himself in error.



There is much difference between imitating a good man, and counterfeiting him.



Wink at small faults. Remember thou hast great ones.



Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others.



Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.



When death puts out our flame, the snuff will tell

If we are wax or tallow by the smell.



Trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.



Historians relate not so much what is done, as what they would have believed.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend,
but thou may'st a friend into an enemy.



He that falls in love with himself will have
no rivals.



Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he
shall never be disappointed.



Let thy discontents be secrets.



Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an
enemy.



Epitaph on a talkative Old Maid:

Beneath this silent stone is laid,
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who, from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.

Whither she's gone we cannot tell,
For if she talks not, she's in —;
If she's in —, she's there unblessed,
Because she hates a place of rest.



Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden,
but it is forbidden because it is hurtful.



A cure for poetry:

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his
bread.

Lend money to an enemy and thou'lt gain him,
to a friend and thou'lt lose him.



At twenty years of age the will resigns; at
thirty the wit; at forty the judgment.



An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.



The poor have little—beggars none—
The rich too much—enough not one.



Fear not death; for the sooner we die, the
longer we shall be immortal.



● When you speak to a man, look on his eyes;
when he speaks to thee, look on his mouth.



Marry above thy match, and thou'lt get a
master.



When befriended, remember it;
When you befriend—forget it.



A flatterer never seems absurd;
The flattered always takes his word.



If you would keep your secret from an
enemy, tell it not to a friend.



Death takes no bribes.

Quarrels never could last long,
If on one side only lay the wrong.



Strange! that a man who has wit enough to
write a satire should have folly enough to pub-
lish it.



The painful¹⁵ preacher, like a candle bright,
Consumes himself in giving others light.



Ill customs and bad advice are seldom for-
gotten.



When knaves fall out, honest men get their
goods; when priests dispute, we come at the
truth.



One good husband is worth two good wives;
for the scarcer things are, the more they are
valued.



He that speaks ill of the mare will buy her.



To err is human, to repent divine, to persist
devilish.



Money and man a mutual friendship show:
Man makes false money; money makes man so.



How few there are who have courage enough
to own their faults, or resolution enough to
mend them!

¹⁵ i. e., palmetto-leaf.

Content and riches seldom meet together;
Riches take thou, contentment I had rather.



What you would seem to be, be really.



Make haste slowly.



The same man cannot be both Friend and
Flatterer.



Those who are feared are hated.



A soft tongue may strike hard.



Wars bring scars.



He's a fool that cannot conceal his wisdom.



You may talk too much on the best of sub-
jects.



Old young and old long.



There are no fools so troublesome as those
that have wit.



'Tis easier to prevent bad habits than to
break them.



He that whines for Glass without G
Takes away L and that's he.



A quarrelsome man has no good neighbors.

Women and wine,
 Game and deceit,
 Make the wealth small
 And the wants great.



Virtue and Happiness are Mother and
 Daughter.



Good sense is a thing all need, few have,
 and none think they want.



The tongue is ever turning to the aching
 tooth.



The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.



Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held
 by treaties and packthread.



A truly great man will never trample on a
 worm nor sneak to an emperor.



Half-hospitality opens his door and shuts up
 his countenance.



Strive to be the greatest man in your coun-
 try, and you may be disappointed; strive to
 be the best and you may succeed. He may
 well win the race that runs by himself.



'Tis a strange forest that has no rotten wood
 in't,
 And a strange kindred that all are good in't.

There is no man so bad but he secretly respects the good.



We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness.



A good example is the best sermon.



Better is a little with content than much with contention.



A slip of the foot you may soon recover,
But a slip of the tongue you may never get over.



It is wise not to seek a secret and honest not to reveal it.



A mob's a monster—heads enough, but no brains!



He that cannot bear with other people's passions, cannot govern his own.



Knives and nettles are akin: stroke them kindly, yet they'll sting.



Liberality is not giving much, but giving wisely.



Suspicion may be no fault, but showing it may be a great one.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

If Jack's in love, he's no judge of Jill's beauty.



Most fools think they are only ignorant.



Pardoning the bad is injuring the good.



The end of passion is the beginning of repentance.



Words may show a man's wit, but actions his meaning.



Many foxes grow gray, but few grow good.



If passion drives, let reason hold the reins.



Drink does not drown care, but waters it, and makes it grow faster.



A man has no more goods than he gets good by.



Different sects, like different clocks, may be all near the matter, though they don't quite agree.



Having been poor is no shame, but being ashamed of it, is.



All would live long, but none would be old.

Neglect kills injuries, revenge increases them.



Doing an injury puts you below your enemy;
revenging one makes you but even with him;
forgiving it sets you above him.



Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure,
when he is merely selling himself a slave to it.



He that spills the rum loses that only; he
that drinks it loses often both that and him-
self.



Though modesty is a virtue, bashfulness is a
vice.



The Golden Age never was the present Age.



Today is Yesterday's pupil.



'Tis great confidence in a friend to tell him
your faults—greater to tell him his.



A great talker may be no fool, but he is one
that relies on him.



He that is of the opinion that money will do
everything may well be suspected of doing
everything for money.



Danger is sauce for prayers.

Dick told his spouse, he durst be bold to swear
Whate'er she prayed for, Heav'n would thwart
her prayer:

"Indeed!" says Nell, "'tis what I'm pleased to
hear,
For now I'll pray for your long life, my dear."



The bell calls others to church, but itself
never minds the sermon.



Friendship cannot live with ceremony, nor
without civility.



He that would travel much should eat little.



Where there is hunger the law is not regard-
ed; and where the law is not regarded there
will be hunger.



There was never a good knife made of bad
steel.



Love your enemies, for they tell you your
faults.



Be civil to all; sociable to many; familiar
with few; friend to one; enemy to none.



Laws too gentle are seldom obeyed; too se-
vere, seldom executed.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while
the sun shines.



* Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon
overtakes him.



* When a Friend deals with a Friend,
Let the bargain be well penned,
That they may continue Friends to the End.



Act uprightly and despise calumny; dirt may
stick to a mud wall, but not to polished marble.



When you're an Anvil, hold you still;
When you're a Hammer, strike your fill.



Half the truth is often a great lie.



The honey is sweet, but the bee has a sting.



Bad commentators spoil the best of books,
So God sends meat (they say), the devil cooks.



Sam had the worst wife that a man could have,
Proud, lazy sot, could neither get nor save;
Eternal scold she was, and what is worse,
"The devil burn thee," was her common curse.
"Forbear," quoth Sam, "that fruitless curse so
common,
He'll not hurt me, who've married his kins-
woman."

Rob not God, nor the poor, lest thou ruin thyself; the eagle snatched a coal from the altar, but it fired her nest.



If what most men admire, they would despise,
'Twould look as if mankind were growing wise.



Men often mistake themselves, seldom forget themselves.



One mend-fault is worth two find-faults, but one find-fault is better than two make-faults.



Don't throw stones at your neighbors' windows, if your own are glass.



Whimsical Will once fancied he was ill,
The doctor called, who thus examined Will:
"How is your appetite?" "O, as to that,
I eat quite heartily, you see I'm fat."
"How is your sleep o' nights?" "'Tis sound and
good;
I eat, drink, sleep as well as e'er I-could."
"Will," says the doctor, clapping on his hat,
"I'll give you something shall remove all that."



If you desire many things, many things will
seem but a few.



A penny saved is two pence clear.
A pin a day is a groat a year.
Save and have.

A nymph and a swain to Apollo once prayed,
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been be-
trayed;

They came for to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that
was true.

Apollo stood mute, and had like t' have been
posed;

At length he thus sagely the question disclosed:
"He alone may be true in whom none will con-
fide,

And the nymph may be chaste that has never
been tried."



Love, cough, and a smoke can't well be hid.



Well done is better than well said.



Certainly these things agree: the priest, the
lawyer, and death, all three;

Death takes both the weak and the strong,
The lawyer takes from both right and wrong,
And the priest from the living and dead has
his fee.



Let the letter stay for the post, and not the
post for the letter.



Keep conscience clear, then never fear.



Content is the Philosopher's Stone, that turns
all it touches into gold.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
 His spouse is in despair;
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries
 They both express their care.
 "A different cause," says Parson Sly,
 "The same effect may give.
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
 His wife that he may live."



The way to see by Faith is to shut the eye
 of Reason.



Who is wise? He that learns from everyone.
 Who is powerful? He that governs the passions.
 Who is rich? He that is content.
 Who is that? Nobody.



Dick's wife was sick, and posed the doctors'
 skill,
 Who differed how to cure th' inveterate ill.
 "Purging," the one prescribed. "No," quoth an-
 other,
 "That will do neither good nor harm, my
 brother;"
 "Bleeding's the only way," 'twas quick replied,
 "That's certain death, but e'en let Dick decide."
 "I'se no great skill," quo' Richard, "by the
 rood,¹⁶
 But I think bleeding's like to do most good."



As we must account for every idle word, so
 must we for every idle silence.

¹⁶The cross.

A doubtful meaning:

The female kind is counted ill:
 And is indeed: the contrary:
 No man can find: that hurt they will:
 But everywhere: show charity:
 To nobody: malicious still:
 In word or deed: believe you me.



Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
 Some pilfering villains stole his team¹⁷ away;
 what?

Giles wakes and cries, "What's here? a dickens,
 Why, how now? Am I Giles? or am I not?
 If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;
 If not, odds buddikins,¹⁸ I've found a cart."



He that best understands the world, least
 likes it.



Many have quarreled about religion that
 never practised it.



Grace thou thy house, and let not that grace
 thee.



Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and
 the second will be what thou wilt.



* A man of knowledge, like a rich soil, feeds,
 If not a world of corn, a world of weeds.

¹⁷I.e., his horses.

¹⁸A disguised oath—"God's bodykins"—originally signifying the wafer or bread used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Thus with kind words, Squire Edward cheered
his friend:

"Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st de-
pend;

I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But, be assured, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."
Dick's soon confined,—his friend no doubt
would free him;

His word he kept: in want he ne'er would see
him.



Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books as men hunt beavers—for their skin.



Thirst after desert, not reward.



Industry need not wish.



My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Once told me: "Dicky, I shall die."
I grieved, but recollected straight,
'Twas bootless to contend with fate:
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepared me for succeeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will to spare my wife.



Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose
history is not diverting.



A wolf eats sheep, but, now and then,
Ten thousands are devoured by men.

Man's tongue is soft, and bone doth lack,
Yet a stroke therewith may break a man's back.



Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools
that have not wit enough to be honest.



No wood without bark.



Don't overload gratitude; if you do, she'll
kick.



Says Roger to his wife, "My dear,
The strangest piece of news I hear!
A law, 'tis said, will quickly pass,
To purge the matrimonial class:
Cuckolds, if any such we have here,
Must to a man be thrown i' the river."
She, smiling, cried, "My dear, you seem
Surprized! Pray, ha'n't you learned to swim?"



Can grave and formal pass for wise
When men the solemn owl despise?



Learn of the skilful: he that teaches him-
self hath a fool for a master.



Anger and folly walk cheek by jowl; repent-
ance treads on both their heels.



If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

Rob not for burnt offerings.



Bis dat, qui cito dat [He who gives promptly,
gives twice as much].



Ben beats his pate, and fancies wit will come;
But he may knock, there's nobody at home.



Speak and speed: the close mouth catches no
flies.



Hope and a red rag are baits for men and
mackerel.



As honest Hodge, the farmer, sowed his field,
Cheered with the hope of future gain 'twould
yield,

Two upstart Jacks in office, proud and vain,
Come riding by, and thus insult the swain:
"You drudge and sweat, and labor here, old
boy,

But we the fruit of your hard toil enjoy."
"Belike you may," quoth Hodge, "and but your
due,

For, gentlemen, 'tis *hemp* I'm sowing now."



Here comes a Glib Tongue, who can out-flat-
ter a Dedication, and lie like ten Epitaphs.



'Tis easy to frame a bold resolution,
But hard is the task that concerns execution.

A parrot is for prating prized,
 But prattling women are despised;
 She who attacks another's honor
 Draws every living thing upon her.
 Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
 That all your neighbors, too, have tongues;
 One slander fifty will beget,
 The world with interest pays the debt.



Let all men know thee, but no man know
 thee thoroughly: men freely ford that see the
 shallows.



If you'd lose a troublesome visitor, lend him
 money.



Keep thou from the opportunity, and God
 will keep thee from the sin.



The things which hurt, instruct.



As often as we do good, we sacrifice.



Celia's rich sideboard seldom sees the light,
 Clean is her kitchen, and her spits are bright;
 Her knives and spoons, all ranged in even-rows,
 No hands molest, nor fingers discompose:
 A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
 Forever still, whose fliers never fly:
 Her plates unsullied shining on the shelf;
 For Celia dresses nothing, but *herself*.



Vanity backbites more than malice.

He who buys
 Had need have one hundred eyes;
 But one's enough
 For him that sells the stuff.



One man may be more cunning than another,
 but not more cunning than everybody else.



Pride and the gout are seldom cured through-
 out.



Despair ruins some, presumption many.



A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder, but rest
 and guilt live far asunder.



Craft must be at charge for clothes, but truth
 can go naked.



Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble.



The heathen, when they died, went to bed
 without a candle.



Life with fools consists in drinking;
 With the wise man, living's thinking.



To Friend, Lawyer, Doctor, tell plain your
 whole case,

Nor think on bad matters to put a good face:
 How can they advise, if they see but a part?
 'Tis very ill driving black hogs in the dark.

Content makes poor men rich; discontent
makes rich men poor.



Nine men in ten are suicides.



Clean your finger, before you point at my
spots.



Hide not your talents—they for use were
made? What's a sun-dial in the shade?



What signifies knowing the names, if you
know not the natures of things?



'Tis a shame that your family is an honor
to you! You ought to be an honor to your
family.



Glass, china, and reputation are easily
cracked, and never well mended.



Pray don't burn my house to roast your eggs.



Prosperity discovers vice, adversity virtue.



Friendship increases by visiting friends, but
by visiting seldom.



If worldly goods cannot save me from death,
they ought not to hinder me from eternal life.

"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye;
 What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?
 Aspasia's shape, indeed—but then, her air,
 'Twould ask a conj'rer to find beauty there."
 Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
 But how comes this to pass? She died last night.



The proud hate pride—in others.



If man could have half his wishes, he would
 double his troubles.



Sudden power is apt to be insolent, sudden
 liberty saucy; that behaves best which has
 grown gradually.



A pair of good ears will drain dry a hundred
 tongues.



Gifts much expected are paid, not given.



Love your neighbor, but don't pull down your
 hedge.



Willows are weak, but they bind the faggot.



To be intimate with a foolish friend is like
 going to bed to a razor.



Friends are the true scepters of princes.



The doors of wisdom are never shut.

Luke, on his dying bed, embraced his wife,
 And begged one favor: "Swear, my dearest life,
 Swear, if you love me, never more to wed,
 Nor take a second husband to your bed."
 Anne dropped a tear. "You know, my dear,"
 says she,

"Your least desires have still been laws to me;
 But from this oath, I beg you'd me excuse—
 For I'm already promised to J——n H——s."



When you taste honey, remember gall.



It is ill manners to silence a fool, and cruelty
 to let him go on.





